

SILENT ANGEL

Written by

Brit Ward

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

ANNA is sitting on her bed, legs draped over the edge, staring ahead. There is no hint of emotion on her face, nor any clue that she's letting a single thought pass through her mind. She merely stares ahead, in one spot, almost unblinking. Her eyes flicker downward to a picture on the bedside table. She sees a happy family in the picture; herself, MIKE, and a YOUNG BOY.

Finally, she stands and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The coffee pot is running. Anna is still dressed in her pajamas. She is sitting at the table, her hands clasped. The toaster POPS and she hesitates before getting up and putting the toast on a readied plate. She turns to see the young boy from the picture, two years old, sitting at the table behind her, where she'd just been sitting. Her demeanor shifts completely as she smiles at him, and he smiles brightly back at her. Mike is seated near the boy, newspaper open.

She turns back to the toast and starts spreading the butter, sneaking one more smile-filled glance back at the boy, who is waiting patiently, happily.

As she finishes buttering the toast, she turns around, holding the plate, but is surprised to see the boy and Mike gone. Her shoulders droop as she seems deflated.

Holding the plate, she walks back to the kitchen table and sits. She looks down at the plate, not longingly, but almost as though the food is a minor nuisance.

She lifts one of the pieces of toast to her mouth, takes a small nibble, then puts it back down. For the first time, she shows emotion: a sense of mild discomfort. She closes her eyes, fighting some deeper emotion back.

She opens her eyes, gets up from the table, and leaves, leaving the food.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anna walks into the living room. As she enters, she sees that the TV is on, playing what looks like an old home movie. Sitting on the couch, watching the movie, is RAYMOND.

She doesn't look at him, nor does she acknowledge him as she walks into the living room and sits on the armchair.

Raymond looks over at her, smiling at her, but she still doesn't acknowledge him.

RAYMOND

You really need to eat.

She continues staring ahead. There are framed degrees and awards on the wall ahead of her, celebrating her accomplishments as a psychologist.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You can't do this everyday.

The PHONE RINGS.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You know it's him.

(pause)

You should answer it.

It rings until the answering machine kicks in.

ANNA

(recording)

Hey, it's Anna. Leave a message after the beep.

The answering machine lets out the standard BEEP and there is a pause on the other line.

MIKE

(on the phone, emotional)

Annie. Please. Answer the phone.

Come on. We need to talk.

Anna does everything in her power to control her emotions.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(phone)

I love you, Ann. I need you to be okay. God, please.

Mike stays on the line a few more seconds before the tell-tale click of his hanging up is heard.

RAYMOND

He understands. He is the one person in this world who understands.

She gets up from the chair.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

As long as I'm going to be here, I
wish you'd at least speak to me.

Before she can leave the room, she looks back at the television, seeing the young boy running around on the screen, laughing, smiling.

She looks away and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Anna heads back to the kitchen, now fully dressed. Raymond is standing at the table.

RAYMOND

What are you thinking about doing
today?

Anna doesn't immediately react. But after a few moments she walks to the hallway and to a child's bedroom. She looks inside the room, seeing the toys on the floor, untouched for a while.

She lets her eyes wander over the vacant room for a long time before finally stepping inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Anna stands in the bedroom, looking down at several toys. She lifts one up and looks down at it. Suddenly, she looks up and sees the young boy sitting in front of her. She smiles at him, and he smiles at her, then he looks down at the toys he's playing with. Mike is sitting next to the boy, pointing to the toys and playing with the child.

The boy stands up, runs over to Anna, gives her a hug, then runs back to Mike, giving Mike a hug, as well. She takes a step back, smiling proudly as he goes back to playing with the toys.

Mike glances at Anna and smiles at her. Immeasurable joy.

She looks away for a moment, and slowly her smile fades into a non-expression. She stares at the toy in her hand and then looks back up.

There's no one in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Anna walks back into the kitchen, Raymond standing exactly where he was before. She tries to control her breathing. He looks as though he wants to say something, but he waits for her to compose herself.

RAYMOND

I showed you the picture, didn't I?
Of the wife and kids?

She walks to the fridge, putting her hand on it, as though for support.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

It's crazy. Wife's about to
graduate from college. I've got my
dream job. Student loans paid off
in a year. It's like it's all some
big dream coming true.

She moves back over to the table, where the now cold toast is still resting. She grabs the plate. Before she dumps the toast in the trash, however, she stares down at the food with a look of dread. Finally, she dumps the toast in the trash.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Though I worry. It's all almost too
perfect. My wife likes to say,
"Raymond, you worry too much." I
smile and tell her, "It runs in the
family."

Anna and Raymond stand still now, Anna back to looking off into the distance, Raymond watching Anna.

ANNA

(softly)
Raymond...

He smiles at her, a sad smile, but she still looks at nothing. Hints of tears welling in her eyes appear, but she is on the move again before anything comes of it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Anna is sitting on her bed. She is hugging herself, making no noise, no other noise sounding in the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mike is stepping out of his car and heading for the door. He steps up to it, but hesitates. Finally, he KNOCKS. Nothing. He knocks again.

MIKE

Anna. Please. I know you're home.
Answer the door.

Another KNOCK.

CLOSE ON: Mike's left hand as he knocks. He is still wearing his wedding band.

INT. BEDROOM

The KNOCK can be heard in the bedroom, but Anna doesn't react. She looks down at the bedside table and sees her wedding ring, lying undisturbed.

She picks it up.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Mike is still trying to get Anna's attention.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This isn't your fault! I know you.
I know what you're thinking. Annie.

(pause)

It's not like I can't feel this,
too. Every waking moment... every
time I have even a memory... It
hurts.

INT. BEDROOM

The knocks Anna hears become almost hollow, seem to be going slower, until they are distant, hollow sounds.

INT. HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Mike is knocking on the bedroom door.

MIKE

Anna, come on, baby. Just come out.

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Anna is sitting in her room, her hands clasped together. She's rocking back and forth absentmindedly. She can hear the KNOCKING from the other side.

INT. HALLWAY

Mike puts his hand on the door.

MIKE

You know I'm here for you.

He waits for a moment, seemingly listening for any hint of sound.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I can't live like this... You...

You can't either. I need you, Anna.

He puts his forehead to the door, biting back his emotions.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you want me to leave? Is that what you need?

He waits a few more seconds, hoping for an answer, when the door suddenly opens, slowly. Anna is standing there, not looking directly at Mike, waiting. She has a beaten, defeated look. She looks as though she's ready to give up.

Finally, for a brief moment, she looks up at Mike, making eye contact.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Anna.

ANNA

(whispered)

Just go...

She looks away again and immediately closes the door. Mike looks on, shocked, hurt, tears welling in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mike reaches his hand for the door knob, but stops just short of it. He stops a moment, looking down at it with grief. He drops his hand, turns around, and leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Anna puts the ring back where she'd had it and closes her eyes, as though experiencing some inner pain.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun is starting toward the horizon. Anna is sitting in the chair, hugging herself. Raymond enters the room.

RAYMOND

Nothing greater in this world than
the sound of a child playing,
laughing, being.

Anna tenses.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Nothing worse than the silence that
follows when the child is gone.
It's a hollow silence. Painful. As
though everything that was good in
this world is gone.

Anna silently sobs.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

It's harder some days than it is
others. But when you're not
emotional, you're empty.

Anna looks around the room now, desperately trying to find something to focus on.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You would have told a patient of
yours in similar circumstances that
shutting themselves off from the
world would not help them. That
they would have to fight through
the pain because coping requires
living.

Anna, grinding her teeth, almost angry now, starts to get out of the chair, but falls to her knees on the ground, fighting the surge of emotion.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Two years old. When it happened.
The real harshness of life is that
sometimes things happen, and there
isn't a thing we could have done.
You know this. Yet, here you are.

ANNA

(angrily)

Stop.

She gets up, stumbles forward.

RAYMOND

Car accidents are often tragic
events. But you can't blame
yourself for surviving.

The anger doesn't stop. She's seething now. Brimming with rage, her teeth grinding, Anna has almost seems to be holding her hands back from clawing at herself, unsure of where she can vent this rage.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You can't live like this.

For the briefest of moments, the anger lingers. But then, the anger softens. An almost deadened expression forms on her face. Raymond looks on anxiously.

ANNA

You're right.

She walks past him.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The door swings open and Anna walks in. She starts the water in the sink, opens the mirror, and grabs a razor blade. She looks down at her wrist.

Raymond walks to the door.

RAYMOND

Don't. Don't do this. I'm here
because of you. Talk to me now.
Please. Don't do this.

ANNA

I don't want to live anymore.

RAYMOND

It's hard, I know. But, you can make the right choice.

ANNA

Not everyone gets that choice, do they?

RAYMOND

(pleadingly)

Stop.

ANNA

Every time I think about the past, about what could have been, about what we lost, I realize that I have nothing left to live for.

RAYMOND

Yes, you do.

ANNA

Like what?!

RAYMOND

Yourself. Live for yourself. And live to your fullest. Please.

ANNA

(angrily)

My son. My baby. Why?

RAYMOND

I can't be your answer.

ANNA

It's not fair. I could have died, instead. I would gladly have died. Gladly!

RAYMOND

But you didn't.

She grits her teeth and presses the corner of the blade into her wrist.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Please.

She presses harder and a spot of blood forms.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Please. Mom.

She reacts to his words.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Don't do this to yourself.

She holds the blade in place, staring at it like it's her salvation.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
I'm not him.

ANNA
(whimpering)
Raymond...

RAYMOND
I'm not Raymond. I'm what you
wanted him to become.

ANNA
Please... I'm sorry...

RAYMOND
You have nothing to be sorry for.

He stares at her for a moment.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
There's nothing worse than hiding
behind a fantasy. It's time to live
life.

She doesn't move.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
You want to honor the memory of
your son? Live. Because that's what
he'd want.

She's crying now, but still holds the blade in place.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Live.

Finally, she lifts the blade, revealing a small wound. She sobs uncontrollably now, falling to the floor.

ANNA
I'm sorry.

Raymond smiles at her.

RAYMOND

Just live.

She drops the blade and curls up on the ground, crying.

ANNA

I'm so sorry.

She starts to try to control her crying. She looks up. Raymond isn't there. The room is silent, save for the running water. She looks around.

Getting up, she turns the faucet off. She leaves the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is fairly dark now and she enters the living room, looking around, almost dazed. She stands in place for a few beats, breathing slowly, feeling as though she has woken up from a dream. Finally, she moves.

She stops at the phone, looking down at it apprehensively. She lifts it up to her ear and dials. Listening to the ringing on the other end, she bites her lip.

MIKE

(on the phone)

Hello?

There is a hesitation.

ANNA

I'm ready to talk.

CLOSE ON: The wedding ring now on her finger.

FADE OUT.